A Real Boy

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A Real Boy

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal is an amazing creator and Will loves to watch him work.

A fill for the WGA Server Halloween fest. My prompts were:
Halloween prompt: doll
Bottom Will prompt: raw sex

NOTE: I'm really sorry to all the guests who enjoy and comment on my works, but due to the ongoing threat of theft and plagiarism by AI tech, I have made the decision to lock all my works.
THIS WORK WILL REMAIN UNLOCKED FOR ONE WEEK.

Will's eyes hurt, unable to blink. He was focused on the way Hannibal moved around the room. So precise and purposeful. He always was when he was crafting, so caught up in what he was doing.

His hands were one of the things that Will liked the best about the man. They were so skilled and strong, he seemed to be able to turn them to anything, including the most delicate task. As now, whilst Will watched him create what looked to be some kind of bangle. A beautiful open bud of a flower with a hole at the centre, made from the soft wood of a cherry tree. The whole workshop was filled with the scent of the tree and the dust created as Hannibal filed and whittled.

And that scent brought back so many memories as Will watched. He'd seen Hannibal create so much. They had spent this time together in the workshop bonding over these beautiful things that now sat on the shelves around them. Hannibal was a creator in the truest sense of the word - God-like in his mastery of pulling form and function from a tree no longer living.

Hannibal held the wood up to his lips and blew softly - the floating remnants glinting like stardust against the afternoon light that spilled through the window behind him.

“This seems perfect,” Hannibal marvelled. And that was another thing Will liked too - no false modesty. Hannibal knew he was talented and he knew when he had created exactly what he had aimed for. And yes, at times he was unsatisfied and started over as he strived for perfection, but he also acknowledged his own skill and took pride in it. As he should.

Will marvelled with him, his own pride there too. Another part completed in this project Hannibal laboured so hard over. Will would miss these moments when it was done, but equally looked forward to a time when Hannibal might rest. Take a break from this obsession.

His mind had drifted a little in those thoughts but came back immediately to Hannibal when he noticed he had moved onto something else. Will thought he would be done for the day, but now he picked up a small box and set it on the workbench.

Will was curious, but content to watch and see what new and interesting thing was about to be brought to the table - literally.

Anticipating something rarified, like the slice petrified stump Hannibal had purchased not so long ago, he had to admit he was baffled and surprised when the item pulled from the box appeared to be man made - perhaps plastic or rubber, it was difficult to see from the otherside of the workshop.

Hannibal rarely worked with man made materials, preferring everything as natural as possible. So he had to have good reason.

As Hannibal turned it over in his hands, he frowned, as though trying to puzzle something out. And when he picked up the beautifully carved ring of wood, he held them together, and frowned some more. Will watched with deep curiosity as Hannibal set both pieces down and then picked up a tape measure. He went back to work on the ring, using the chisel before going back to the more refined tools to finish and polish the piece to perfection. He measured again and this time seemed satisfied.

“Ah, perfect,” Hannibal commented as he placed the items together and they practically slot in place as though made to be a pair - a wide, short tube topped with the beautifully carved ring. By the time Hannibal finished tinkering, a little glue here and some filing there, the daylight was almost gone and the only remaining light was the dull overhead strip lights and the excessively bright desk lamp on the workbench.

Will chuckled inwardly as Hannibal’s expression creased in concentration - the way the light cast shadows over his face he looked almost like a mad scientist.

“Well, Will, I think we’re finally finished.” Hannibal turned and looked at him, that absolute adoration that Will felt deep down into his gut. It was always so overwhelming that Will almost wanted to look away.

Hannibal collected the complete piece and came over to the side of the workshop where Will had been sitting quietly. He set it down on the long, empty bench before turning to Will.

“Ready, my love?” Hannibal asked, but he didn’t wait for an answer as he took Will into his arms as though he weighed nothing at all. Moving quickly, Hannibal placed Will on the bench, laying him out with such deft speed that Will felt a little dizzy.

He felt the chuckle in his chest.

It was lodged there. Unable to go further. Unable to make it to his mouth and out into the world.

Will tried to open his mouth, but he found that impossible too.

“You’ve been so patient,” Hannibal murmured, his voice low and seductive. It made Will shiver internally, a sensation that turned to anxiety in the pit of his stomach as he realised it was internal only. No internalised sensations reached the external.

Will jolted, his body tugged slightly but he was unable to look down to see what was happening, unable to move his head. He could feel Hannibal’s hands on him but even that felt strange and distant.

“This shouldn’t hurt,” Hannibal reassured and Will felt his legs being spread and hooked over the end of the bench.

He could feel Hannibal’s hands on him, running over the thick and hard appendage there, feeling almost alien to him. And then lower, feeling a space, an emptiness waiting to be filled.

Hannibal grunted as he pushed something into the cavity.

Will was wracked with a shock of pain that would have had him leaping from the bench but he couldn’t move, he had no control over his limbs. He felt every movement as Hannibal pressed the tube into him, turning it until it slotted into place - every moment agonising for Will.

“There,” Hannibal stepped back. Will knew because he could now see him from the corner of his eye, and the pain had stopped.

Hannibal stepped to the side of the bench and looked down at him, he stroked a finger down Will’s face, which felt numb - he knew there was a finger on his cheek, but the sensation was muted.

The realisation hit Will then - he’d been drugged. Hannibal had given him something to paralyse him, but leave him aware. He could feel everything that was being done, even if it was somewhat dulled, but he couldn’t move.

He wanted to cry out but that was impossible.

“You’re so beautiful,” Hannibal cooed over him, looking at him with such adoration. Maybe he didn’t know? Maybe someone or something else had drugged him and Hannibal just thought Will was playing at being submissive.

“I’ve longed for this,” Hannibal added, his voice low and husky. His expression had changed, something more determined, something fierce. A desperate lust there that at one time would have sent a tingle up Will’s spine, but now he was scared.

Hannibal leaned in and pressed a gentle kiss to Will’s mouth. He could feel it - the soft press of flesh on flesh, but his lips felt hard against Hannibal’s softness. The same was true when Hannibal moved - his mouth moving to Will’s neck where he nuzzled and licked. Each a dull sensation against firm skin.

And yet, Will could picture it all perfectly in his mind and, in some small way, that tingle was there. He wanted Hannibal, he always wanted him. But did he trust him?

As Hannibal worked his way down Will’s body, lacing kisses over his chest, sucking lightly on both his nipples before continuing - Will realised that this was probably a test. Hannibal was testing his trust.

If Will trusted him, then he’d let Hannibal do this. He would, in a way, retroactively consent to what was being done to him.

Yes, he did trust Hannibal - and the thought made him relax into the man’s touch.

He wanted to close his eyes and sink back onto the bench and let Hannibal ravage him - but his eyes still wouldn’t close. They felt dry and a little painful, but he knew that if he just trusted in Hannibal it would all be fine. It would wear off or Hannibal would administer some sort of antidote. He just had to enjoy this and be patient.

“You really are everything I dreamed you could be,” Hannibal muttered before his wet, hot mouth suddenly engulfed Will’s rigid cock. He was already as hard as was humanly possible, though he didn’t really have the expected sensations that went along with a throbbing erection. Perhaps if he’d been able to truly feel Hannibal then it would have been different. He could *feel* that his cock was wet because of the sensation - the movement - of Hannibal’s mouth, but he was numb to the moisture. It was such a strange feeling and he wasn’t sure if he liked it or not.

But he supposed that didn’t really matter.

He couldn’t move to see, but from the jolting, he knew that Hannibal was bobbing up and down on his cock - taking him to the back of his throat over and over. Will wished he could truly feel it, but memories were enough to supply his mind with the mental image enough that he was now feeling that tingle all over.

Will was just starting to feel enough from the movement - the wet slide - that he might really start to feel some pleasure, when Hannibal pulled back. He felt the thud of his cock falling back against his abdomen with a dull crack of a noise, and then Hannibal was looming over him once more.

“I was going to take you up to our room, but I’m sorry. I can’t wait. I’ve already waited so long…” the words sounded desperate and ended in a groan.

Will couldn't turn his head, but he could just make out enough from an arm here and the rustling sounds, that Hannibal was stripping off his clothes. He was going to fuck him right here.

Will wanted to moan. He wanted to inhale deeply and let it out on his own desperate breath. But he could do none of those things. And for a moment he was distracted by that… For a moment he turned his focus to his breathing - his lungs, the inevitable rise and fall of his chest and--

Hannibal's hands were suddenly on his legs, pulling him to the very edge of the bench before leaning over him. His clothes were gone and Will could feel the hard cock pressing against his inner thigh.

Will found himself suddenly as desperate for this as Hannibal was. He couldn't immediately recall the last time they had sex, but it felt like too long. It might have just been the day before and it would still have been too long. But in fact it was… Will tried to recall. When had they last had sex? He was sure it must have been days at most, but deep inside that felt strangely incorrect. When had it been? When had that little bit of grey crept into Hannibal's hair--

"Will," Hannibal said his name with reverence as he took hold of Will's arms and pulled him up. "How I need you," he slung Will's arms around his neck and his own around Will's back, holding Will there as he began kissing him again. Now, he could feel Hannibal's cock rubbing against his own - the distant press of it that his imagination supplied more clearly than he could feel.

"Fuck," Hannibal broke the kiss with the unexpected and uncharacteristic profanity. "I'm sorry, I have to… I need you so desperately…"

Will was disoriented by how quickly Hannibal moved him, not even realising what had happened until his head was turned to the side and his cheek pressed against the cool bench. He was jostled once more - arranged.

Hannibal pressed Will's chest down to the bench and pulled his hips back.

He heard the click of a cap, the sound of a bottle being squeezed, and he was sure if he focused hard enough he'd feel the cool ooze of lube against his asshole.

In what had been a tried and tested routine, he anticipated Hannibal's fingers next.

He was wrong.

One moment he felt the blunt press against him, and the next Hannibal was sinking inside him with a deep groan.

It should have hurt, but it didn't. Will felt his insides easily give way and accommodate Hannibal's not insignificant girth. Perhaps it was the effect of the drugs but…

Something felt strange. Unreal. Separated. Like Hannibal was inside him but not at the same time.

One of Hannibal's hands moved to the centre of his back and held him down to the bench in a way that was entirely unnecessary. The other gripped his hip so hard that he could feel the press of his finger tips.

Hannibal fucked harder and faster, deeper. As deep as he could go.

"Oh Will, how I've missed this… Missed you… I'll never let you go again."

He'd never been this rough before, and Will felt almost relieved that his senses seemed dulled. He was going to be very sore when this drug wore off.

Will inwardly winced as his body was violently slammed into the bench so hard that it began to hurt. Where Hannibal's hand pressed down it felt as though he was going to break, as though something was going to--

CRACK

Will's mind screamed through the pain that Hannibal ignored as fucked into Will over and over.

Something was broken. He wasn't sure what. Not because he was paralysed but because his body strangely didn't feel like his own. That had to be down to the drugs, but it was such a strange feeling that it made Will feel discombobulated.

After long hard thrusts, Hannibal slowed, his hips pressed tight to Will's ass as his pumps became more shallow until finally Hannibal stilled and let out a guttural cry as he emptied himself inside Will.

Will felt relief despite not having reached his own climax - one that had been an afterthought at best. This hadn't been for him, he knew that, it was something Hannibal had needed.

Whilst he had made his peace with that, he wasn't sure he wanted to do this again. Not least because he still felt like something was broken in his back.

Panting, Hannibal drew back then pulled out of him.

"Oh, my love," there was regret in Hannibal's tone and Will could feel the pressure of a hand running over his back.

Fingers dug in and it felt like they were pushing through his flesh and into his insides. It was excruciating but there was still nothing he could do but endure as Hannibal snapped something back into place with a much softer crack.

The pain ebbing away, Hannibal ran his hands over Will's back again and muttered softly, "That will have to do for now, I'll fix you properly in the morning."

The morning. Will longed for it. He wanted to go to bed and sleep this off, wake up drug free and possibly bruised and a bit worse for wear, but back to normal.

Hannibal pulled him up, scooping him in his arms and cradling Will to his chest. He heard the light spatter of come leaking back out of him and hitting the workshop floor. They'd probably laugh about it in the morning, Will mused, but in that moment it sounded so cold and wrong.

Hannibal walked towards the other side of the workshop, heading towards the door. If he could have, Will would have let out a sigh of relief in happy anticipation of being carried up to their room.

Instead, Hannibal stopped. Will waited as Hannibal hesitated, his head moving until Will realised he was looking towards his main workbench and the old armchair that Hannibal liked to sit in as he looked over his designs.

Neither were the option Will had been expecting, and eventually Hannibal went to the armchair. He set Will carefully down and arranged him into a comfortable position before stepping back and taking one last look.

His expression was full of a sadness that only Will was able to read, but with it that constant look of adoration. Will wanted to talk, wanted to ask him what was wrong, but Hannibal let out a sigh and spoke.

"I know it might not feel like it Will, but now that you're complete, you really are a real boy."

With those words still hanging in the air, Hannibal made his way to the door.

Confused, Will could only focus on things in his line of sight. The main workbench with the various tools, and that box Hannibal had opened. The wording on the side was in a stylised script that Will couldn't make out from this distance, but in clear print under it read "Flesh Light".

Trying to understand what that meant, the connection not quite coming together in his mind, Will's focus drifted beyond - to the window. It was completely dark out now which had the effect of turning it into something of a mirror - the workbench reflected back at him.

And beyond it, a doll. Not quite life-size, it reminded Will of a ventriloquist's dummy. He couldn't move, couldn't look around to see where it was. And he couldn't remember seeing it before despite it being remarkable enough to be memorable. Especially as, weirdly, it bore a passing resemblance to himself.

And it sat in the armchair.

Hannibal reached the door and flicked the light off, plunging the room into darkness as he left.

Internally, Will screamed.

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